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A series of biographical and critical sketches of eminent authors, under the above title, is now in course of publication in the *Sphinx*. The following have appeared:—

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2.—Anthony Trollope.
3.—Algernon Swinburne.
4.—Mark Lemon, of *Punch*.
5.—Lord Lytton.
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7.—George Grote.
8.—George Augustus Sala.
9.—Hepworth Dixon.
10.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.
11.—John Ruskin.
12.—Henry W. Longfellow.
13.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.
14.—Charles Dickens.
15.—Benjamin Disraeli.
16.—T. W. Robertson.
17.—Thomas Carlyle.
18.—Charles Reade.

LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.
The following articles, under this title, have appeared in the *Sphinx*:—

1.—John Byrom.
2.—The Great Duke of Bridgewater, with a notice of Brindley, the Engineer.
3.—Jeremiah Horrocks (a chapter in the Romance of Science.)
4.—Humphrey Chetham.
5.—Samuel Crompton (Inventor of the Spinning Mule)
6.—Barton Booth, the Actor.
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8.—John Dalton.
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10.—James Hargreaves (Inventor of the Spinning Jenny).
11.—Hugh Oldham (Founder of the Manchester Grammar School.
12.—John Bradford, Saint and Martyr.

Ben. Brierley's Journal.

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CONTENTS OF No. 7.

NEW SERIES.—JUNE, 1870.

AB-O'-TH'-YATE
AT
HOLLINGWORTH LAKE,
BY AB HISSEL'.

The Bitterness of Death,
BY ALEXANDER HUME.
CHAPTER III.

HOW I GOT A WIFE,
BY OUR COCKNEY CORRESPONDENT.

DAISY NOOK,
BY A MANCHESTER PILGRIM.

THE POOR MAN'S DARLING,
BY FANNY FORRESTER.

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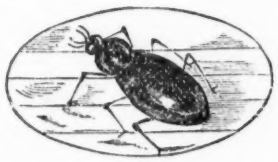

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[LIVING MEN OF LETTERS.]

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

IT is twenty years ago, or more, that a young man of letters—who indeed, had not won his spurs, and was rather to be called a boy of letters—after teaching a class of working men mathematics and the rudiments of Latin, strolled into the coffee room belonging to the "Institution," and looked with some interest on its walls. Heaven knows they were bare enough; Heaven knows that the rough working men he taught were uncouth and rude, and that they only thanked him by learning quickly, and that the religious and political bookseller who had begged him to join the Institution, and to work for the benefit of the working classes, was a humbug; but there was a glamour and an illusion, and the young fellow felt that he was doing something towards improving mankind, and making the world, in his little way, something better than he found it. This, then, was his reward, and as he looked at the whitewashed walls, he felt that he was not living quite uselessly.

The Institution has broken up now, and to Latin and mathematics the working men have unmistakeably shown that they prefer the Great Vance, Walking in the Zoo, Champagne Charley, and a host of ridiculous songs. But in those days there was much stir among the people; 1848 had been and passed, but the Charter and the Five Points were still debated. The masses were seething. In France, Lacordaire preached the Gospel, and with it the benefit of the poor. The Abbé Lamennais had made a social tract of some of the words of the Saviour, under the title, we think, of *The Gospel of Freedom;* and there upon the whitewashed walls of the Institution hung two remarkable portraits, one was that of Eugene Sue, then so well-known for his social novels; the other that of Charles Kingsley, M.A., author of *Alton Locke.*

M. Eugene Sue, who had been in the French Navy, was a man of some forty-five years of age; unmistakeably a Frenchman, although utterly different from the old Frenchman of the *haute noblesse*, and equally so from the modern production. He had a thick black beard and moustache, a high black satin stock, a black satin waterfall over his shirt front, short black hair, dark eyebrows, and glowing bright eyes, looking straight at the spectator, and seeming to say, "How clever I am." The pendant, the Rev. Charles Kingsley—in the subscription of the picture he had dropped the "reverend"—was as entirely English as Eugene Sue was French. A high noble forehead, large, earnest, deep set eyes, which the lithograph had made hollow as if with thought and work, a firm close shut mouth, and large and powerful jaw; here was a poet as well as a parson, a fighter as well as a writer, a leader as well as a priest. Waving black hair, now thinned by time, adorned the head, and earnest, glowing, lustrous, and true-hearted eyes shone out from beneath the forehead and seemed to speak openly to whomsoever listened, "Come let us work together for the good of mankind. Love me for I love you; or if I can't convince you, then———" Such was Charles Kingsley, as good and as free-natured a soul as one would care to see. And yet the Devil was about to try him in many ways; has tried him both with adversity and prosperity, and he is still a noble-hearted man.

The young fellow turned away from the white-washed wall and solaced himself—not to be above his fustian-coated pupils—with some smoked coffee and very coarse bread and butter, for which the "institooshun," as it was called by the greasy cad of a religious bookseller who tried to make the thing pay, and to pass off his "goody" literature at the same time—for which, as we said, the "institooshun" pocketed a sum that would have afforded good viands. But the method of the majority of those who wanted to help the working man in those days, was to get a good round sum out of him and to make him pay for it too. Hence the Institution fell to the Great Vance, to comic singers and such obscene birds of prey, who served out the working man as the Harpies did the flesh of the Pater Æneas.

> With hideous cry
> And clattering wings, the hungry Harpies fly:
> They snatch the meat, defiling all they find,
> And parting leave a loathsome stench behind.

And even at the time these portraits hung in the Institution it did *not* pay. The typical working man, who really wished to learn Latin and mathematics, soon rose to be more than a working man, and the loafer who cared about nothing remained a loafer. After all these years this young author has found it convenient for himself to believe that the typical working man is, like all good and great men, somewhat of a rare bird; and to acknowledge—as he grows towards fogey-dom—that the young men of the present day would rather play at croquet with the girl of the period, or even dress in "drag," play at an amateur theatre, burn statues in a college quadrangle, or listen to the Christy Minstrels, than teach the typical working man mechanics and the rudiments of Latin.

Charles Kingsley, M.A., was at that time very fiercely assailed by Reviews. The creature critic came out as usual very strong, and fired away blank cartridge with amazing vigour. It did not do any harm, of course, because Kingsley has long been tutor to a prince, a companion of Prince Albert, a friend of the Queen, an University Professor, and a Canon of the Anglican Church. It has even been whispered that he will be a Bishop!—and oh! please, do hear what, according to the Reviews, he was. He was an author of revolutionary literature, the inciter to ferocity, railing, and mad one-eyed excitement; he was guilty of Jacobinism and Jacquerie under the disguise of Christian Socialism; he was pupil of "Albert Ouvrier" and Louis Blanc; he believed in the visionary organisation of Labour. He is by implication in the same article found guilty of doctrines as outrageous as the maddest ravings of furious insanity—as wicked as *the most devilish spirit could by possibility have devised. Murder is openly advocated—all property is declared to be robbery*, &c. This was from a leading article in the *Times*, foisted neck and crop into the *Quarterly*, in which the Rev. F. D. Maurice and the Rev. Charles Kingsley figure as culprits at the bar. Nay, we find by a quotation that they (and we presume) their fellows are Communists to the utmost extent. Vide *Quarterly Review*, vol. 89, p. 523 (1851).—"Community of women follows, as an almost necessary consequence, the community of goods;" and then follows a quotation, whence taken it does not appear, but from "one of these teachers of the People." (One of 21 books reviewed side by side with Kingsley's and Maurice's.) "We do not require to introduce the community of women; *it has* always existed. Your middle class gentry are not satisfied with having the wives and daughters of their wages-slaves at their disposal—not to mention innumerable public prostitutes—but they take a particular pleasure in seducing each other's wives. *Middle class marriage is, in reality, a community of wives.*"

Why do we make these painful extracts. Simply for the instruction of young authors. Few names are more honoured than Charles Kingsley's; no man has ever been more chivalrously devoted to his home; no lady or Queen of Beauty in the highest tourney that ever existed, aye even in that cloud-land of King Arthur's Court, was ever more proud or fond of her own true knight than she who bears his name; nor is there wanting that sweet after-glow of married love, sublimed with sorrows, deepened by trials, rooted by the lapse of years, intensified by a knowledge of general baseness, but a belief in the purity of one, and a thousand times more beautiful because ten thousand times more rare than the ring-dove cooing of the young couples whose love shines brightly in the morning, but perishes long before the noon of life. Few names are more honoured; few men so much, so worthily beloved, and yet hardly one, as we have shown, who has been so bespattered with the corroding gall of critic's ink.

Charles Kingsley was born, June 12, 1819, at Holme Vicarage, on the borders of Dartmoor, and at fourteen became pupil of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, son of S. T. C. He afterwards studied at King's College, London; then at Cambridge, where he gained a scholarship, several prizes, and came out a first-class in classics, and second in mathematics. His first cure was Eversley, and within a year-and-a-half after that, the rectory becoming vacant, it was presented to him by its patron, Sir John Cope. The Kingsleys, here let us say, are of an

ancient Cheshire family, Kingsley of Kingsley. One ancestor raised a troop of Horse, and the commission, signed by Ireton and Oliver Cromwell, is preserved still. A younger brother of this Republican captain went with the Pilgrim Fathers to America; and a descendant, Dr. Kingsley, was some years ago classical professor at Yale College, U.S. There was fighting blood generally in the family. General Kingsley commanded a brigade at the battle of Minden, so well known by Campbell's glorious ode. Several others have served and fought, and Kingsley has himself not only been called the Chartist parson, but the soldier-priest. Now even, when 'tis past meridian with him, he has a tall lithe form, a broad-shouldered Norman figure, the flat cheek and strong chin of Norman blood; and he is still a capital rider, an unwearied fisherman, cunning with the angle and fly; and once he was one of the best wrestlers and foot leapers, both at the high and flat leap known about Dartmoor. But we have to do with feats of mind, not of the body.

The old Puritan stock of piety grafted on Coleridgean philosophy, enlightened by such far-off touches of the great man as his son Derwent, an able pupil caught, produced a very genuine and singular school of work-a-day Christianity—perhaps the very best known. How it has culminated, whether it has not overgrown even the breadth of Maurice and Stanley, we will not here debate, but when Kingsley began, a more noble-minded young priest seldom if ever preached. He was a devotee of the tenth or fourteenth centuries landed on the nineteenth. When he was twenty-seven he wrote his *Saint's Tragedy*, a magnificent unacted drama, full of the social brotherhood that underlies all Christianity, and to which it has come before now, and will eventually come. And this *Saint's Tragedy* how pure, how noble it is! How it made the hearts of us youngsters beat; and let us thank God that it was better, purer, nobler far than the poetry (?) of the Bal Mabille and the Montagne Rouge, of the Casino and the Alhambra, that our fervent young Mr. Swinburne gives us now. Compare Kingsley's Elizabeth of Hungary with Faustine? Take the erotic young Mr. Swinburne, with his biting, bruising kisses and his prayer,

> Come down and relieve us from virtue,
> Our Lady of Pain.

And Kingsley's Monks' refrain:

> A luxu et avaritia
> A carnis illectamentis
> Domine libera nos.

And then, thank God, oh! younger brothers, for as our outcome has been dressing "in drag" and the girls of the period, young men with painted faces and henna dyed eye-lids, what, by the rule of contrary, will your outcome be? With this we leave you for the present, giving you to meditate till we finish this article next week upon the aim of Kingsley when he wrote *The Saints' Tragedy*, and drew the picture of Elizabeth of Hungary, thus depicted by his friend, the Rev. F. D. Maurice:—"To enter into the meaning of Self-Sacrifice—to sympathise with one who aims at it—not to be misled by counterfeits of it—not to be unjust to the truth which may be mixed with those counterfeits, is a difficult task, but a necessary one for any one who takes this work in hand."

BROUGHTON VERSUS SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

SOUTH OF ENGLAND ELEVEN.—W. G. Grace, G. F. Grace, H. Killick, H. Charlwood, F. Silcock, J. Lillywhite, H. Holmes, C. Payne, T. Hearne, E. Willsher, E. Henty.—First innings, 227.

BROUGHTON EIGHTEEN.—Lieut. Mackinnon, A. T. Cowie, F. W. Woolley, J. Sutcliffe, E. Moorhouse, E. Wadsworth, G. A. Winder, A. Sale, R. W. B. Sanderson, G. D. Baker, J. B. Payne, C. Makinson, J. Makinson, T. Mellor, J. Dixon, J. M'Cartney, Macintyre, and Hickton.—First innings, 121; second innings, 95. Total, 216.

THE annual three days' cricket match between the South of England Eleven (Willsher's) and Eighteen of Broughton, including two professionals, Macintyre and Hickton, was played last week. Last year Broughton won easily, with eleven wickets to fall; this year the South completely turned the tables, and defeated their opponents in one innings. As this was the first appearance in Manchester of the greatest cricketing celebrity of the day, Mr. W. G. Grace, and his brother, Mr. G. F. Grace, their presence created much interest, and many lovers of the game came from a distance to see these gentlemen at the wickets. In order to ensure this end and have the Southerners batting on the Saturday, Broughton waived the usual toss and sent the Eleven in first, but the object was defeated by the hollow result of the match.

Owing to the late arrival of some of the players, it was nearly two o'clock before play commenced on Thursday. Jupiter Pluvius, however, was punctual as usual, and no sooner had the bell been rung than the rain began to fall. The Messrs. Grace were the first to go to the wickets, and had barely time to score 19 before the rain came down in torrents. Mr. W. G. Grace is what may be called a stunner, and is equally formidable in front of or behind the wickets or at point. In fact he covers so much ground that it would be difficult to assign any particular position to him. Play was resumed during a short interval when the rain ceased, Mr. W. G. Grace being caught out, unfortunately, off his glove with a score of 15. His brother and Killick then got together, and scored rapidly. Such terrific hitting we have scarcely ever seen, and, considering the wet state of the ground, the distances the ball travelled were astonishing. The score reached 100 for the loss of one wicket, when the return of the rain abruptly closed the game for the day.

A cricket match on a fine sunny day is very enjoyable sport to those who understand the game and know the players. On a soaking wet day it is about as lively as a funeral. To the uninitiated, who are entirely ignorant of the game, it is not a very engrossing amusement. That useful individual, the intelligent Foreigner, the first time he sees a cricket match, must wonder what it is all about. Nothing can be more ludicrous than to see a fat man tearing after a little round ball, or running between the wickets as if his life depended on the issue. Did any of our readers ever try the effect of stopping their ears at a dancing party and divesting their minds of previous associations? If they have done so their impression would be that the people before them, bobbing round the room while dancing a polka, the faces of the gentlemen gazing in rapt vacancy over the ladies' shoulders, are so many maniacs. To a person who has never seen cricket the players must appear to be similarly afflicted; but the enthusiastic admirers of the game look upon it in quite a different light, and consider it a most serious and important matter; in short, an essential part of the British Constitution.

When we arrived on the ground late on Friday, we found the Eleven were all out, with the fine score of 227. Having established amicable relations with old Ormskirk, the vendor of gingerbread, who is an authority upon cricket, we get ourselves posted up, and are made acquainted with the leading features of the match. We learn that the Broughtonians are somewhat stiff and stale, and have not recovered from their severe Whit-week cricketing campaign, when they played each day and got sadly knocked about, owing to the hard state of the ground. Some were wounded, and some completely *hors-de-combat*, going about like so many Greenwich pensioners, halt, lame, and blind. Ormskirk informs us that Mr. Wright, or "Frank," as he designates him with affable familiarity, cannot play for two reasons. First, he has got a cure of souls to attend to some hundreds of miles distant. One would think that this would be an all-sufficient reason for his absence, but our informant is like the Prefect who informed the Emperor Napoleon that he could not ring the bells in celebration of a victory for sixteen reasons, the first being that they had no bells. In addition to Mr. Wright's inability to be in two places at once, he had got his finger badly smashed in a match during the previous week. Mr. Makinson (Joe) had not recovered from the effects of a fall and over-strain, and very reluctantly played at all. He could neither field nor bowl, and was quite out of sorts. Mr. H. Mallalieu, a very promising young player and a hard hitter, although quite a stripling, had a sprained ankle and was unable to play. Mr. Middlemost was also unable to play. Mr. J. B. Payne played, as a matter of course, although in Whit-week he was pommelled all to pieces, and got a blow on the throat which nearly knocked the wind-pipe out of him. However, John Brown's soul still keeps marching on. He is like the man who, when his legs were shot away, continued to fight upon his stumps, and if ever we revisit the glimpses of the moon or Lower Broughton some hundred years hence, we shall expect to see Mr. Payne busy at his old game. It is a precious easy matter to criticize cricket and deliver lectures upon the game, basking upon a bench in front of the pavilion; imaginary hits and catches are easily made, and we ourselves have accomplished some wonderful things in this way; but look you, when your fingers are pounded into the con-

sistency of fat sausages, when your throat is bruised and swollen, and the functions of your windpipe are seriously interfered with; when your shins display a brilliant pattern resembling mottled soap, and various other portions of your body are tattooed all over with a zebra design of many colours, then batting, bowling, and fielding are not such easy matters as spectators are sometimes apt to imagine.

In a few words we may dismiss the account of the match, as far as the play is concerned. The Broughtonians were all out by mid-day on Saturday, and having only scored 121, they had to follow their innings. "Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind." They only required 108 to save their defeat in one innings, but this score they were unable to accomplish. The best innings played were those by Mr. Moorhouse, 48 and 17; Mr. Mackinnon (100th regiment), 18 and 24; Mr. Sale, 11; Mr. C. Makinson, 10 (not out), and 6; and Mr. G. A. Winder, 12, second innings. Mr. Moorhouse surprised us in his first innings, as he hit out right and left with a freedom which our previous experience of his play had not prepared us for. He gave two easy catches, one of which both Willsher and Mr. W. G. Grace attempted to take and missed, and afterwards stood scratching their heads and looking at each other, as if they couldn't exactly make it out. Mr. Grace missed a second catch of the most simple kind, which shows that accidents will occur in the best regulated families. He made ample amends, however, for these misadventures, and we have not seen more brilliant fielding for a long time. At point he is as active as Carpenter, and he seems to have a magnetic influence in attracting the ball into his capacious hands. Behind the wickets he strongly reminded us of Mr. Lockhart, of Birkenhead, one of the best wicket-keepers of his day. In the first innings Mr. Grace caught no fewer than six Broughton men out. The coroner being at hand, held an inquest upon their corpses, and the verdict was returned "Died by the visitation of Grace." Mr. Mackinnon batted very well indeed, and stood well to his guns. Mr. Winder, a new comer, is a pocket Hercules, and is likely to prove an acquisition. Considering his stature, and he is only about the size of Wells, he accomplishes wonders behind the wickets. Mr. A. Sale is a promising young bat, but he is at present deficient in power and muscle, and cannot punish the bowling in the vigorous style of the Graces and other strong players. The bowling of Silcock and Willsher was very effective. The latter, however, struck us as not being so vicious as he was some years since. In the second innings of Broughton the wickets fell rapidly, and the Eleven were evidently doing all they knew to pull off the match in one innings. Mr. Grace put on the gloves and went behind the wickets, and after Hickton got out for 14 it soon became clear that the game was up. With 94 on the telegraph board, Mr. J. M'Cartney went in last, and faint hopes were entertained that the requisite runs might be made to save the innings, but it was to no purpose, and after adding one, it was a case of "Johnny comes marching home again," and the band of the dragoons were at liberty to strike up the National Anthem as soon as they pleased.

Thus the match came to an unfortunate conclusion for the home club. Fortunately, however, the weather turned out very fine on Saturday afternoon, and a goodly company was present, comprising all the aristocracy, the democracy, and the snobocracy of the neighbourhood. As usual, the worthy Rector of the parish, himself an old cricketer of renown, was present. Likewise we recognised the genial President of the Club, and the learned Treasurer, who, judging from his looks, might never in his life have prosecuted a prig, or got off some unfortunate scamp who had erred against society, by ingenious and plausible argument. There was a sufficient amount of false hair on the ground to stock Mr. Gadsby's shop, and Frou Frou was adequately represented. The Grecian Bend was painfully conspicuous, and the gait and stoop of several ladies present led one to believe that they were suffering from colic. Sundry rusty looking parsons turned up as usual, worthy old boys with school reminiscences of Harrow, Rugby, and Westminster strong upon them. Where these divines are dug up from on such occasions is a mystery to us; but they never fail to appear, and their faces are quite familiar to us although we only see them once a year. The Rochdale contingent was also present, and all the swells of both sexes who patronise such gatherings—Sir Charles Coldstream, Sir Adonis Leech, Horace Ogle, and other faded and used-up old bucks; likewise Lady Gay Spanker, Mrs. Candour, Lady Sneerwell, Mrs. Malaprop, Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr. Pickwick, beaming behind his large spectacles; Mrs. Bardell, of Goswell Street, for anything we know to the contrary; Mr. Upton Spout, Tittlebat Titmouse, Miss Lydia Languish, and many other notabilities whom we are in the habit of meeting on festive and al fresco occasions.

An amusing incident occurred during the most exciting portion of the game. A patriarch in velvet knickerbockers, who had seen some eight or nine summers, coolly crossed the green among the players, calmly surveying the scene with his hands in his pockets. It was no use expostulating with him, and the shouts of the spectators and threats and remonstrances of the players were of no avail. Calmly did the unsophisticated youth contemplate the scene, and serenely chaff the players. Even the saturnine Willsher, who is gravity itself, could stand it no longer, and joined in the general laughter. The ingenuous youth has evidently a career before him, and will probably become Lord Chancellor, or the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the first batsman of his age, or something wonderful. By the erection of a large canvas screen, the gods who won't pay for admission were driven higher up the adjoining elevated street, and retaliated upon the Club by jeering at all the Broughton blunders, and vociferously applauding the South. In fact, their applause partook of the nature of gymnastic exercises,

RAMBLES IN NORTH WALES.

I.—LLANRWST TO FESTINIOG.

ON a stormy day, in wind and driving rain, with a rough sea we, had crossed from Liverpool to Llandudno; had taken a flying glance at the fashionable watering place, with its crescent bay curving inland and great Orme's Head frowning over it; had hurried by rail through tracts of marsh and peat and sand to towered Conway; loitered among the ancient ruins of its castle; and then, while the afternoon waned to sunset, had walked along the valley of the Conway to Llanrwst, which we entered after nightfall.

From here, having rested the night, we set our faces towards Festiniog, far off in Merionethshire, on the other side of this Carnarvonshire peninsula, through which we are walking. We cross the graceful grey stone bridge, said to have been built by Inigo Jones in 1636, which is so finely balanced that it vibrates to the strong pressure of the back on the parapet of the centre arch; and gaining the western side of the Conway, go along the vale of Llanrwst. For four miles our way takes us through broad stretches of meadow and pasture land, with hills on each side well clothed with wood, and showing the bolder outlines of mountains beyond them, all shining out clear and fresh in the early morning sunlight, until we reach Bettws-y-coed, which lies by the meeting waters of the Llugwy and the Conway. We cross the Llugwy to reach the village, but must needs pause for awhile on its ivy covered bridge, to look upon a picture of most exquisite beauty. We are at the entrance of a gorge of the hills, and the lower slopes of the ground are filled with leafy foliage of oak and feathery fir. In among the thick growth of wood, in cool refreshing depths, the river flows brawling out into the little open space about the bridge, over a bed filled with mighty boulders, among which the water breaks and foams in noisy tumult. Looking up the stream, on the left bank and close by us on the road are rows of clean white cottages, round whose open windows the roses and honeysuckles twine. The blue smoke of their chimneys curls among the young saplings that fringe the craggy sides of the steep hills behind. We are in the Painter's Paradise: every glance about us confirms the fact. From the grasses that grow about the stream and the lichens and the mosses that cling to the stones, to the pine clad mountains that cleave the clear blue of the far-off sky, there is every beauty of form and colour, of light and shade. To transfer these to canvas and paper, there come hither, at certain seasons, queer looking Bohemians, who wear slouched hats, grow long beards, and smoke short pipes, who may be seen lounging about the inns and cottages; or, at other times, may be met with in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, in leafy coverts of the glens, on boulders of the rivers,

> by whose falls
> Melodious birds sing madrigals

or under white umbrellas in the sun blaze, on rock ledges far up the mountain side. That handsome building of grey slaty stone is the famous hostelry, the Royal Oak, the fortune of which David Cox helped

to make and whose sign he painted. This sign once swung outside, but it has since been deemed too valuable for such rough use, and is now carefully framed and preserved within. Over there to the left is the queer little old church, with modest bell turret peeping out of the trees, the picture of which you might have seen in the recent water-colour exhibition at the Royal Manchester Institution, and which the aforesaid David Cox painted.

Crossing the bridge we turn to the right, and walking through the village and along the Capel Curig road for two miles, come to the Swallow Falls, so called from the rapid flight of the water down the rocky channel of the Llugwy. An old man, who occupies a sentry box and reads a bible in Welsh, admits us to a view of the falls. We creep up and down the rocky and leafy way to the various points of view. The water slips, slides, flashes, and glances in many falls over a wide area of rocks, much in the same fashion as Southey has described it as doing at Lodore. When there is plenty of water the falls are undoubtedly fine; indeed, one enthusiastic writer has said that though Niagara is broader and grander, it is not so picturesque as Rhaiadr-y-Wennol, but this, be it understood, was the opinion of a Welshman. Retracing our steps to Bettws, we take luncheon at the Royal Oak, examine the visitors' book (which is unique in its way, containing, as it does, sketches and drawings in oil and water-colours by artists who have staid here), and then start out again towards the higher reaches of the Conway to see the Fairy Glen, a charming little dell formed by the steep banks of the stream, where the water slides in tiny falls over the stones, or lays in quiet pools reflecting the blue of the sky and the shadows of the trees that fringe it all about. We sit on a rock in mid stream, and smoke a pipe, while we take in the spirit of the place, and then retrace our steps some distance, and strike off towards the river Lledr. The road by the stream winds along a valley rich in varied beauty of mountain, moor, and woodland. Now we pass a shady covert of pine trees, whose boles rise from a rich groundwork of amber moss, where the great brake ferns spread their palm-like fronds; then we come to open spaces of stony ground where gorse and heather grow, and where the river, barred in its passage by huge rock masses that seem to have been hurled into it, foams turbulently down the valley. We pass cottages of rude exterior, white-washed and thatched, picturesque enough, but, for the most part, foul and uncomfortable within; cheerful homesteads, with plots of cultivated ground about them, and sheep in the pastures; and to all these a varying background of mountains changeful in form and colour.

We have not gone far, and have halted on a fine old bridge that spans the stream, when we are joined by a stranger who is walking our way. He turns out to be a young artist, who has just run down from London for a change, and is going from Bettws-y-coed to Dolwyddelan, where he has heard there are some good studies of figure to be found. Him we find a cheery, chatty, Bohemian sort of fellow, good natured and communicative. In his hand he carries the materials of his art; in his mouth is a richly carved meerschaum; and as he smokes and strides along, with a lengthened springy step, he tells queer stories of Bohemia and its people, graphic and artistic in colour and expression, as becomes an artist. He has travelled much and met with many romantic adventures; has studied in the Louvre, and wandered through Brittany and Germany. He is enthusiastic in his devotion to art, and has much to say concerning painters and painting severally. He tells us how it was through losing his way, that David Cox hit upon the charming beauties of Bettws-y-coed and its neighbourhood, and how he never failed to visit it for thirty years or more; how, after having painted that sign at the Royal Oak, and the fame of it having gone abroad, he became ashamed of it, and hit upon the expedient of secretly improving the work by night, getting a ladder to reach it; and how, to his great dismay, he was descried by some of his brother artists, engaged in that interesting occupation. Presently we come to the Fish Inn, an old-fashioned hostelry by the wayside, also beloved of painters, and here we halt while our artist fraternizes with some of his brethren within. Then on again, smoking and talking of art and nature, until we reach the pastoral valley of Dolwyddelan, where the streams flow through rich meadows, deep in grass and flowers. Sprinkled over the vale are a few houses, and a hoary church with a group of ancient yews about it. As we approach the church there appears in the road an aged dame of most witch-like appearance. Her keen face and hooked nose are surmounted by a broad-brimmed conical hat; she wears short scarlet petticoats, and walks with a stick. Mounting the steps in the churchyard wall she disappears over it among the yew trees. Our artist friend having an introduction to the clergyman of the place, we part company, and see him no more.

Asking our way further up the valley to Festiniog, we got the direction after some difficulty, the natives mainly replying to our questions with Dim Saesneg (*i.e.*, no English). Of the distance it is impossible to get any clear notion. We push on until we come where, from a rocky height, the square grey towers of Dolwyddelan looks down upon the valley. It is said to have been built in 500, and was the birthplace of the great Llewellyn. Behind it the wild moorlands stretch away over the shoulder of Moel Siabod and the Cribiau to Snowdon. We proceed along the valley, past the castle, until we reach a mountain road which takes us over barren tracts of peaty land where the turf is piled in stacks, until we descend through a series of slate quarries and mining villages to Festiniog, which we reach when the night has closed in, and through the darkness the mountains loom up like

Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought.

The sense of weariness and want of rest, however, is uppermost, so we welcome the sight of our inn and the refreshment it affords. Yesterday we landed in the bay of Carnarvon; to night we are in Merionethshire; to-morrow, from the churchyard close by, we shall see one of the finest sights in Wales—the beautiful vale of Festiniog at our feet, with the Traeth Bach where the sea rushes in from Cardigan Bay.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

LONDON DRAMATIC COMPANIES IN MANCHESTER.

MR. BOUCICAULT'S London Company made its last appearance at the Prince's Theatre on Saturday night, having abridged to five weeks an engagement which was originally intended to have lasted as many more. There is a rumour, however, that it will return in the autumn. Its place has been taken by a company from the Globe Theatre, London, of which Mr. J. Clarke is the leading attraction. If the experience of the past two or three years is to be accepted as any criterion, it would seem that the old star system—the practice of engaging a solitary actor or actress of eminence to play with the regular staff of a theatre—is gradually giving place to the plan of securing an entire company, sometimes specially formed, as in the case of Mr. Frederick Younge's Robertsonian troupe, more frequently drafted bodily from one of the London theatres. Of the three courses open to a manager,—to have a thorough good stock company, or a travelling company, or to engage stars—one would naturally and unhesitatingly prefer the first; but when the choice is restricted to the other two, it becomes a question of some interest as to which is best calculated to advance the interests of dramatic art. We should be inclined to vote in favour of the company system, but for one immensely important consideration. The companies unfortunately all hail from London, and their conductors insist upon inflicting on country audiences the miserable pieces which have so long borne witness to the deplorably bad dramatic taste of the metropolis. As long as this contin ues, the company system, as we have termed it, will be infinitely more injurious than the star system, and in Manchester, at any rate, can only e nd in failure. It is a fact, significant at once of Mr. Buckstone's sagac ity and of the difference between metropolitan and country tastes, that th e Haymarket actors, on the occasion of their annual visits to Manc hester, produce comedies which they rarely or never venture to perfort n in London. Our other dramatic visitors would do well to take the hint. The company from the Globe Theatre, which has this week taken p ossession of the stage of the Prince's Theatre, includes in its ranks a c omedian, Mr. J. Clarke, whose performances are extremely entertaining, and other players of fair average ability. But the piece which they ha ve chosen to appear in—a melodrama by Mr. H. T. Craven, entitled *Philomel*—is an utterly worthless production. It is grievous to see even average powers of acting thrown away upon it.

TH E HAYMARKET ACTORS.

The provincial tour of Mr. Buckstone's company will this year extend over three months—a lon ger time than usual—the middle of October

being fixed for the return to London. Until then "the little theatre in the Haymarket" is to remain closed. Manchester will be visited first, the engagement beginning on Monday fortnight. As at present arranged, the opening piece is to be Messrs. Dubourg and Tom Taylor's *New Men and Old Acres; or, the Managing Mamma*, a comedy which was produced for the first time on any stage on the occasion of the company's visit to Manchester last year. *Twelfth Night*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The School for Scandal*, *The Rivals*, and *London Assurance* will, of course, be included in the programme. One well-known face will be missing from the ranks this year, as the term of Mr. Compton's long connection with the Haymarket Company will then have reached its close. His appearance at the Prince's Theatre, however, may shortly be expected, and he will open there in a new piece specially written for him by Mr. Tom Taylor. He will subsequently introduce it to a London audience at the Olympic Theatre, where he is engaged to appear some time before Christmas.

POLICE COURT PRACTICE.

Unseemly scenes in court too often derogate from the dignity of the law. One more unseemly than the average, which recently took place in the police court, is prevented only by its insignificance from disgracing it. According to the newspaper report, a Mr. Hewitt applied for some costs of witnesses. Mr. Bennett thereupon exclaimed that Mr. Hewitt only wanted to get hold of the money himself, and that he should ask that Mr. Hewitt should produce his certificate before being allowed to practice in that case. Mr. Hewitt said it was not usual for a professional gentleman to make such an application. Mr. Bennett: "No, but when professional gentlemen don't know how to conduct themselves in court—." The sentence was not finished; but we hope that, for his own sake, Mr. Bennett did not make the consequences of a professional gentleman not knowing how to conduct themselves in court too heavy. Here Mr. Headlam abruptly put an end to the dispute, says the reporter. We are grateful to Mr. Headlam; but we hope that he will put an end to the next similar dispute still sooner and still more abruptly.

THE BISHOP ON DESERTED CHURCHES.

The Bishop of Manchester, in the course of a sermon preached in the Church of St. James-the-Less, Ancoats, on Saturday last, briefly referred to the series of articles which recently appeared in the *Sphinx* on "Deserted Churches" in Manchester and Salford. "He had heard," said his lordship, "of deserted churches in Manchester. Some one had sent him a few papers which pictured, not bitterly or ill-naturedly, the condition of those churches. It was a pitiable tale. He did not know how it was to be accounted for, but certainly such things ought not to be. There should not be empty churches. When they considered that all the churches and meeting-houses in Manchester had not sufficient accommodation for one-half of the population, and that some of these churches and meeting-houses were deserted, it was evident there was something wanting."

THE ATHLETIC MANIA.

We are not at all surprised to note the death of a well-known cricketer in consequence of a blow on the temple, inflicted by a ball which, after being bowled, rose and struck him. The exact event, without the fatal consequence, occurred at the Broughton match against the South of England, last Saturday. The land is in a state of athletic inebriation. Fellows pad themselves all over, stand before three sticks, try to ward off with a bit of wood a lump of leather flung at them with force enough to strike them dead, if it should only hit them in a dangerous part, and call it manly exercise. The youth of England has plunged headlong into the intoxication of athletics with the infatuation and abandonment of a dram drinker. It is positively pitiful to watch one's friends fall gradually deeper into the abyss of evil courses. They who once were lively and intelligent companions present themselves for recognition blue-cheeked, black-eyed, broken-nosed, dilapidated persons, to be in whose company is a suspicious circumstance. Walk a little way with them, and you detect them furtively exchanging nods of recognition with all sorts of ruffianly and bull-necked passers-by. Their conversation, once a pleasure and an entertainment, is a stolid and monotonous concoction of Dick this, Nick that, and Phil the other. They attract your notice to some pug-nosed, birdeyenecker-chief'd, pot-bellied personage: you bend your head to catch the "quip," or "crank," or "wanton wile" that would have come before their fall: a smile of humorous expectation overspreads your countenance—"Bill Bugg—best slogger anywhere about." They point out a disreputable-looking duck-legged individual, who winks at them in passing, and expectorates upon them, as a mark of friendship:—"Finest pair of calves in Manchester." They go the round of the shows and festivals of the district, like prize pigs; and exhibit their qualities after the manner of the Fat Woman of Knot Mill Fair. Deeper and deeper do you see them sink into the degradation of intemperate athleticism. They try to abstain from it. They fall back again into their vice until at length, in the inanity of complete intoxication, they cover themselves with gold, silver, and bronze medals, as the bulls were covered over at the Agricultural Show. So does one sadly see one's old friends turn themselves into new satires on mankind.

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE AMATEUR PREACHER.

WHEN last summer I was at a watering place, to which, for purposes of identification, I will give the pantomimic name of the Brimstone Bower, or the Haunt of the Enchanted Lucifer Match, I had the privilege of listening at seven o'clock every morning to a light green cloth preacher, with brass buttons, who fixed himself upon a bench near to the wells, and bravely held forth to whomsoever would stop and listen. Very few did stop and listen, for the light green preacher had not a modest or reverential mode of address, but treated the solemn themes of Holy Writ, after the fashion of a cheap religious John, and as if he were dispensing a new nut which wanted cracking and trying. But, like a careful light green preacher, he always had another gentleman, dressed like himself, who stood near him to keep guard, and to groan balefully at casual sinners who might be tempted to stay for a minute or two near to the episcopal bench under the tree at the Brimstone Bower. Also, in order that every variety of sex might be represented, two women bore testimony to the light green one's preaching, who were either the wives, the sisters, or the aunts of the virid male twins. They were mild, inoffensive women, very destitute of inequalities on their surfaces—straight and level on both sides, like the old style of shower bath, with Macintosh screens. Their quick eyes expressed, I think, good wishes for all, and they pretended to enjoy—as women will do—the awful jaw of Killjoy on the bench, whose performance they stood out womanfully as long as he was unwinding himself. They then assisted the twins at shaking out a few quavering bars of a hymn, which sounded like the expiring revels of a dissolute accordion, after which the twins put on their amazing buff broad-brims and sauntered off, presumably to breakfast.

At that early hour in the morning, and in the sweet air which sighs over Studley and Fountains, it was impossible to be cynical, and I am sure I tried all I could to see something useful and good in the labours of the twins. I never like to jeer at street preachers; indeed, there are substantial reasons why one should not be caught doing so now-a-days. So many retired prize-fighters have recently taken to the religious stump that they might, peradventure, adopt carnal and fistic methods of correcting your profanity. The light green man did not touch my sensibilities at all. I thought him coarse, vulgar, and weak. He flourished Satan and his residence before the imagination of his hearers, and dealt in a dull and inappropriate manner with the name of the Great Preacher on the Mount. But there was nothing hearty about him except the snawl of his utterance, and his words were, to all appearance, but as the idle wind upon his hearers. Why was the man doing this? One person told me he was casting his bread upon the waters; another, that he meant well, which I scarcely like to doubt; another, that he had a mission, which is so general an occupation that it may include those of all people who on earth do dwell; another, that the two men and the two women were a church, but he might as well have called them a chapel, or a circus, or a vaults. I satisfied myself from personal observation—observation not hostile at all—that they did not impress in any useful or enduring fashion, either man, woman, or child, during the fortnight I listened to them.

In stress, therefore, of any extraneous solution of the problem, I was thrown back upon my own resources, and I came to the conclusion that this early preachment under the spreading beech tree was attributable to that love of irregularity which, in religious matters, has always been a human weakness, and which, in these latter days, would seem to be very much on the increase. There is a monotony in regular and decent worship—a want of incident and variety, which the carnal mind cannot endure; and this restlessness is more manifest amongst the preachers than amongst the preachees. I think the latter could do without it—speaking for myself, I feel that it is so—but the preachers would burst up if they could not do a little irregular preaching. This distinction, however, vanishes at once when one reflects that the preaching faculty is common to us all, in a greater degree probably, than at the first blush we should be inclined to believe. When Coleridge asked Charles Lamb if he had ever heard him preach, Lamb replied in his quaint way—"I never heard you do anything else." Very much the same might fairly and truthfully be said of most of us. We erect our little pulpits up and down our several life walks; and neglect no opportunity of getting in and thumping the cushions. The pulpit is a badge of authority which we do not like to forego. Paterfamilias is in it when he holds forth at dinner to his children, or soaks the soul of Ruggles in the butler's pantry with flaccid didacticism, blessing Ruggles the wrong way about as he bangs the hall door, only to resume his discourse to the clerks when he arrives at his warehouse; and so on all round the clock, and all equally interesting, useful, and meritorious.

But if you can constrain the great sanction of the Christian religion to aid you in your desire to preach, then you become endowed with a power which few care to dispute; and thus it is that we have now-a-days so many amateur religious preachers. In reading the advertisements in the first column of a North of England daily journal, on a recent Saturday, I came upon the following announcements, one after another, precisely in the order in which I place them. Here they are:—

MISSION STATION, Stanley-street, off Portland-street. Mr. HENRY MOORHOUSE will PREACH TO-MORROW. Service to commence at half-past six. Seats free, and no collection.

THE SPEAKERS for TO-MORROW in the Mission Hall, Grosvenor-street, formerly the Tabernacle, are Thomas Haigh and William Hudson, of Stockport; Edward Asher, from the Bible Depot; and Peter Owen, who was a confirmed drunkard for 30 years. All lovers of drink are earnestly invited.
JOHN SUTCLIFFE, 60, Market-street.

WILLIAM G. RAWBONE, Esq., of Birmingham, will PREACH in the Mission Hall, Grosvenor-street, To-morrow Week, at 2-30, and six o'clock: and the following evening give a LECTURE: Subject, "Ten Years' Travels and Sojourn in South Africa." The Chair will be taken by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., P.P.

THE REVIVAL BANDS, Co-operative Halls, Downing-street and Medlock-street.—The usual RELIGIOUS SERVICES will be held TO-MORROW (Sunday), at 10-30, 2-30, and 6 o'clock. Miss HOLT and Mr. BRIERLY, from Rochdale, will take part in the services. A PUBLIC TEA MEETING will be held in Medlock-street Hall THIS EVENING (Saturday), at six o'clock. Admission, 6d.; tickets at the hall. Wm. Birch, jun., Esq., will preside.

DR. G. SEXTON, M.A., F.R.S., F.Z.S., will deliver THREE LECTURES To-Morrow (Sunday), in the Secular Institute, 123, Grosvenor street, All Saints'. Subjects: At 10-30, "The Unpardonable Sin;" at 2-30, "Various Conceptions of the Character and Influence of the Devil;" and at 6-30, "Instinct and Intellect, their Resemblances and their Differences." Discussion invited. Admission, 3d.

In the same column in which the foregoing appeared, there were some ten advertisements of Special Services or Charity Sermons in regular places of worship, so that the irregular ones, as I call them, amount to about fifty per cent of those which may be called regular, which is a tolerable indication of the spread of these pic-nic services. Search the same columns twenty years ago, and you will not find anything of the sort; so that it would appear that the increase of church and chapel accommodation in the interval has had the effect of multiplying these measures of out-door relief.

If we could only raise Sydney Smith from the dead, what would the old Canon say to the collocation of names in the foregoing advertisements? Why should Peter Owen, who was a confirmed drunkard 30 years, do more good in a Mission Hall, which we are told was formerly a tabernacle or *the* tabernacle,—than a quiet curate in a church, or a strenuous student from New College in a chapel? I maintain that the advertisement of the tipsy antecedents of Peter Owen, as a means of getting folks to go and hear him, is only paralleled by the devices of blood and murder which are hung up at Knott Mill Fair to tempt the passer-by. As to William G. Rawbone, Esq., who is about to preach about his travels in South Africa, under the presidency of Thomas Wright, Esq., P.P., how can any one with a vivid imagination avoid the conclusion, that Mr. Rawbone is an Evangelist who has been so gnawed by cannibals that he thought it better to come home again, and be ever afterwards an ossified memorial of missionary endurance. Mr. Rawbone may be quite sure that none of the gentlemen he has left in South Africa would have the silly vanity of imitating his Chairman, and writing P.P. after his name. I pass by "Miss Holt and Mr. Brierly of Rochdale;" who were to hold forth for the "Revival bands," not doubting that Miss Holt will have had a fair share of the talking, and shall take the liberty of closing the series with Dr. Sexton who ominously brings up the rear, earnestly commending the list as it stands to the attention of the Lord Bishop of this diocese, whose good nature, I am afraid, has led him indirectly to patronise a system, which, however well intentioned, is, I believe, opposed to the orderly and sober observance of the ordinances of the Christian faith.

ART AND CRITICISM AT PEEL PARK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—A short paragraph under the above title in your last issue (June 11th), contains a statement, and repeats a mistake inadvertently made in your issue of May 21st. The statement is not true, as I will show, and the mistake I beg to be allowed to correct.

The writer of the paragraph is "driven to the ridiculous conclusion that one person is the author of," all the descriptive notices which have appeared in the local papers about Peel Park, its picture gallery and museum, just before Whit-week, and he (the writer), is "certain that none of the authorities (meaning the press), have *seen* the work *i.e.*, a painting by a Royal Academician, J. R. Herbert, about which they have made commendatory remarks. I am egotist enough to presume that the "one person" aimed at is myself, and, if it be so, I affirm that six gentlemen on the staff of the local papers successively visited the museum to see for themselves whatever was specially worthy of remark in their notices for the papers they respectively represented.

The mistake I wish to correct is one about the sum paid for this painting. Nominally the price is what you state, but one half of the purchase money was generously presented to the Committee. It may surprise you to learn that this grand historical work, which you criticise as "clever and reasonably innocuous"—whatever the sentence may mean—came to the Museum from the finest private collection in all Lancashire (Manley Hall.) This painting hung in that gallery for years, in equal rank to the choicest works of modern art, for which the owner has acquired the highest reputation, having no works of second-rate merit. The painting has been lectured upon, described, engraved, and published to the world, and has been critically praised by the pen of one whose knowledge of art comes from the longest experience and widest teachings.—Yours, &c., JOHN PLANT.

Peel Park, June 15th, 1870.

[Mr. Plant complains of our saying that there was a suspicious similarity in the undeserved eulogies lavished by the newspapers on Mr. Herbert's picture (the Assertion of Liberty of Conscience), and that, from the identity of the phrases used, the notices seemed to have been all written by one person. As he has chosen to challenge the accuracy of these statements, we have no hesitation in speaking somewhat plainer. We affirm, then, that an official description of the Peel Park gallery, containing very high praise of certain recent acquisitions, was sent to four, at least, of the Manchester and Salford newspapers; that in three of these it was inserted precisely as furnished, and in the fourth with no alteration of importance. Considering the opinions we have deemed it right to express in reference to the Peel Park collection, it followed as a matter of course that we should enter a protest against this method of manipulating art-criticism in the columns of the press—a method which is, in our opinion, an abuse of journalistic influence and detrimental to the interests of art.

Mr. Plant's information about the former ownership of Mr. Herbert's picture is no surprise. On the contrary, its history was perfectly well

known to us, with the exception of the fact that the cost to the ratepayers of Salford was £200 instead of £400. It now appears that "this grand historical work," as Mr. Plant calls it, which originally cost Mr. Mendel £600, was offered to the Salford Corporation for £400, and then "one-half of the purchase money was generously presented to the Committee"—a roundabout way of effecting a transfer, which is scarcely calculated, we should think, to raise the value of the work in public estimation.

The painting, Mr. Plant tells us, has been lectured upon, described, critically praised, and the rest —— but by whom? No names, it will be observed, are given. We have a vague recollection that lectures upon the incident which Mr. Herbert's picture professes to commemorate were delivered by sundry divines many years ago; but this circumstance has nothing to do with the artistic merits of the work, with which we are alone concerned. Mr. Plant does not comprehend the phrase "clever and reasonably innocuous," though its meaning was made perfectly clear by the subsequent sentence, in which we say, "there is nothing about it [*i.e.* the picture] to elevate taste for art in the least; its very cleverness would mislead the [artistically] uneducated, it is so everywhere apparent, while it possesses none of the higher qualities of art." If Mr. Plant can't understand our phrase, can he interpret one which Mr. Ruskin applied to another of Mr. Herbert's works (Lear recovering his reason at the sight of Cordelia) that it was "an important instance of the Passively bad?" On the same occasion Mr. Ruskin gave a characteristic summary of his opinion of Mr. Herbert as an artist. "If Mr. Herbert," he said, "would limit his work to subjects of the more symbolic and quietly religious class, which truly move him, and *would consider himself by no means a great master, but a very incipient student*, and paint everything from the fact and life, faithfully, he would be able to produce works of some value." Whether Mr. Ruskin has expressed any opinion on the Liberty of Conscience picture we do not know: it is not difficult to surmise what his estimate would be.—EDITOR.]

WALKS IN MANCHESTER.

WE have ere this, on several occasions, spoken in these columns of our liking for a walk. About walking we have a theory (hate a man who hasn't a theory), that it is only town-bred people who can walk, or, as a matter of fact, do walk. We can do what people who live in the country can't do—we can enjoy a walk in the country; say a quiet saunter for an hour or two from the Ultima Thule or vanishing point of some ordinary 'bus, or a good swinging stretch of some five-and-twenty miles or so. But who ever heard of a rustic ruralising in such manner. In fact one place must be so much like another to him that he might as well stay where he is. The truth is that people who like to live in the country are—fit to live in the country. We have, moreover, this advantage over Rusticus, that we can enjoy a walk in town better than he, because with more discernment. And we can forgive old Dr. Johnson (not to be confounded with old Dr. Jacob Townsend) all his sins against the amenities of social life for this one saying, "Sir! let us take a walk down Fleet Street."

Now, there are many places in this, our city, which are to us what Fleet Street was to Dr. Johnson. We have, in our peregrinations, bored our way through the town, in and out of everywhere, until we know it as well as a mite knows its way about in a cheese. And there are so many different kinds of walks. There is first the walk proper, the kind of going at various paces by which you do miles. Then you have the stroll, and the promenade, and the saunter, all applicable to different kinds of what we may call walking exercise. One expression there is which we don't like, that is, "taking a turn." It is senseless and unmeaning.

But you may stroll or saunter in town as well as in the country, only not everywhere. You might saunter, or even promenade, through St. Ann's Passage, and on through the Square; but it must be on the booksellers' side, not the Satterfieldian one, for there the commercial tide flows from Albert Square and beyond to that little room behind the bottled porter stores and back again; and we should as soon attempt to flâner there as to smoke a pipe in that abode of gentility and nothingness, the Royal Institution. Again, you wouldn't exactly stroll or saunter through Long Millgate or Charter Street, or promenade up "George's Road," whatever you might do at the Botanical Gardens.

As we happen to reside on the southern edge of the city we have a preference, kindled no doubt by propinquity, for the streets on that side, and one of our favourite places for a lounge—there, we thought, we had forgotten one of the names for a walk, and here it is—for a lounge, then, is a street, not in name, perhaps, but in fact, called Stretford Road—to be more exact, Stretford New Road. The only thing we don't like about it is, that it does not begin at the beginning. Why can't it "commence," as fine people are so fond of saying, at Oxford Road, where All Saints' stands like a ship in full sail trying to make headway against contrary winds, or like a sponge cake in the middle of a sea of dirty-looking custard stuck here and there with almonds. Its neighbour, at the opposite corner, the Scotch Free Kirk—St. Andrew's—seems trying to make another "success," and gets out of Grosvenor Square altogether, by turning its head into Oxford Road, and staring hard at the butcher's shop and that of the aristocratic-looking fishmonger across the way. The pastor there, the Rev. J. C. Paterson, is, in private life, more than urbane merely, genial and kindly, and, as occasions require, a straightforward man of business. In the pulpit, however, we learn he is Calvinistic, minatory, strongly and sternly denunciatory, and has not yet brought himself to declare the Gospel as an evangel, a message of glad tidings, however he has been himself otherwise affected by it. Nevertheless he is popular with a large congregation, and we suppose Scotchmen have been accustomed to that sort of thing and like it.

Here we are in what should be Stretford Road, but is only Cavendish Street. Why Cavendish? Where shall we enquire? The first door we come to is open, and there is a little man in blue uniform, with a cap on, and an axe strung at his side, promenading in front, and looking like something between a policeman and a sapper and miner. He is undersized enough to be a minor, but a sapper—ha! *sapere aude*. We will venture to be wise and ask him; but as we, with this intent, approach, we see he is young, evidently born since a time when we can remember the street bearing the name it still has, so he couldn't have been at the christening, and our enquiry about Cavendish might only remind him of the pipe, which he could not then indulge in, or elicit some pregnant remark about the dryness of the season. The place he guards is the police-office or station, and we don't know the exact educational qualifications for a superintendent, or whether an inspector has any decided philological views, so we refrain from entering. The place seems mysterious, and we shall postpone our visit until our present faint remembrance of the Latin Grammar shall have so wholly deserted us that we have forgotten the difference between *meum* and *tuum*. We haven't the slightest idea what a superintendent superintends. He appears in public, sometimes, in a braided frock coat, like the undress uniform of the assistant-general of the Prince of Towering Taxes, or some other military grandee, which is rather effective in its way; and we have wondered if "the braiding of his own coat was all the sign he wore." As to the inspector, him of nuisances we know something of; but policemen are not nuisances, except in so far as they will persist in walking on the wrong side of the flags, for which we, as the necessity offers, often consign them, mentally of course, to the D—— division. Otherwise, our ordinary officers are to be respected. Men of letters, as they are, and constantly in the receipt of information which the rules of evidence insist on their retaining in their own breasts, no wonder is it if we may regard them as people to be looked up to and trusted (at fourpence an hour) with the defence of our property and the guardianship of our liberties.

Then again, next door, the Overseers' Office—more crucial tests. What is an overseer? Is he a kind of municipal bishop, or only a sort of parody of an overlooker? or is he, like a Siamese twin, never seen but in company, when he and they form a Board which lodges here? We have been, under pretence of paying our rates, into these offices, to try and see the overseers, by chance as it were. On the left hand we found a large office, with a number of desks and clerks in it, where the business seemed transacted by conversation, generally with each other, except by one gentleman, who sat behind a little pay-window, like a railway booking-office without tickets or stamper, and took our money and counted it three times over before he would, by some kind of facial distortion intended for a smile, admit it was right. On the right hand was another office, more like an old-fashioned counting-house. The

two or three clerks in it seemed engaged in balancing their cash for the last week amid impenetrable silence. Having got through this, one of them looked up and round the office, yawning hugely, and after looking at us several times, to assure himself that there was somebody there, he came and received the modest contribution we had brought, and we retired with the receipt and an uncomfortable conviction that we had, in some irregular way, disturbed the occupation of lotos-eating so quietly carried on there.

We have next the Chorlton Dispensary, we think ; but long as it has been there, with perpetual clean steps, we candidly admit that we know nothing about it. We never saw anybody come in or go out ; and we never saw anybody inside, even through the windows. We are inclined to think it must be alive, for, if we mistake not, it partook of the Theatre Royal fund, or the Sunday collections, or the subsequent Henny-penny ; but what it does we are utterly ignorant, and we always say to ourselves in passing, "Ha ; Dispensary ; clean steps as usual ; and nobody about, also, as usual." It is quite possible, however, that our speculations are entirely wide of the mark, and that the institution is flourishing and successful, only we have no knowledge about it one way or the other ; and if a concern hasn't a word to say for itself, it can only be that it is not in want of anybody else to do that for it. While a man is prosperous and successful in business he has no adventures that concern anybody else. He ceases to be interesting, except, perhaps, to himself ; and his biography becomes little more than a chronicle of small-beer or last year's almanack. As in like manner some one has tersely said, "Happy the nation which has no history."

Further on we have a few deals and timbers on some, otherwise, vacant land, so valuable, probably, that no one has been able sufficiently to ascertain its actual value in that recent addition to Mr. Page's territory, the building market. And here we come to Ormond Street. As it will be too late to go, at this pace at least, any further towards Altringham by road this evening, we will say to the kind reader, adieu, unless indeed your pleasure it should be that we say, *au revoir !*

THE PLEASURES OF INDIGESTION.

"Quibus solo vivendi est causa palato."—JUVENAL.

Died, at Mackworth, near Derby, an old inhabitant, John Johnson, in the 94th year of his age. He retained his faculties to the last, but for seventy years he had scarcely known what it was to enjoy good health, being a dyspeptic subject.—DAILY PAPER.

IT is strange how few people are aware that quite a large proportion of the pleasures possible to this life is owing to Indigestion. Even those fortunate enough to be dyspeptic, but seldom agnize the fact that they derive many more enjoyments from their existence than do that portion of their fellow creatures who, by means of a power they possess in common with the ostrich, can swallow and digest anything, and almost any quantity of anything, with impunity. In general, a man who suffers from chronic indigestion is considered worthy of pity as one to whom life is a burden, and (after years of pain and medicine) death is a happy release. People who say thus, speak rashly. They see the apparently painful side of the case, and having no personal experience, judge accordingly. *Nous autres*, who dyspepticise habitually, may talk with some authority, and should surely be believed, for it is not the habit of ailing mortals to depreciate any ills with which it may please Providence to bless them, but rather to magnify them than otherwise.

Say those who know not Indigestion—"The man given over to dyspepsia has not any peace of his life ; he eats the mutton chop of society with fear, and drinks the lemonade of his childhood with trembling. To him a 'dinner' is an object of terror, to be avoided or paid for eventually by fearful agonies. He is a nuisance to his family, a bore to his friends, and a lay figure upon which doctors may experiment, and by which they live."

The habitual dyspeptic is the subject of abuse and satire whatever course he may take. Say, he goes to his club in the morning, with an avenging slice of pickled salmon laying like a bar of porcine iron against his ribs, and calls for brandy and soda. Some kind friend is sure to say—"My dear fellow, the worst thing you can take for indigestion. Try potash and gin." Or, on another occasion, he will, perhaps, ask for a glass of the harmless infantile milk, and will be told—"You couldn't drink anything more likely to upset you than milk ; you know you're full of acidity, and to take milk—— ; but men are always hopelessly obstinate when they are victims to dyspepsia, &c."

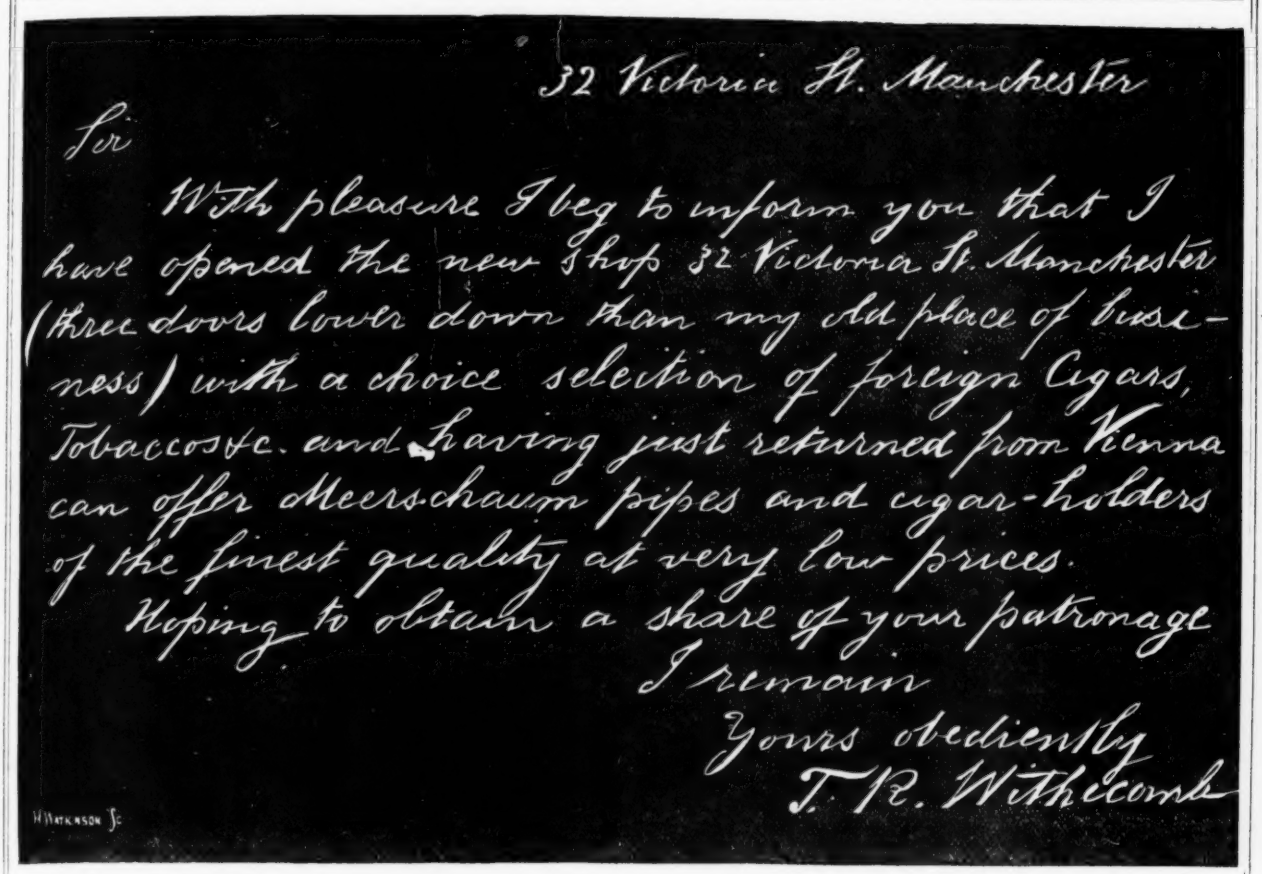
It will be as well to rush into the first person at once, and say that *I* am chronically dyspeptic. I, *moi qui vous parle*, play daily a game of skill with my internal organs ; sometimes I win, sometimes I lose. I am constantly opposed to a most cunning adversary, and we mutually take the meanest advantages of each other. There is great interest attached to a combat of this kind.

All men are slaves to their wives in the matter of eating. Women have naturally good digestions, and it is hard for the helpless man to persuade them that he is not endowed with the stomach of the ostrich before mentioned. Once, however, let the fair partner of your joys and sorrows discover that as you are fed so you are amiable, and there will be no end to the "pleasures of eating" for you. My wife knows very well that my temper and my health are synonymous ; so instead of the eternal series, beef, fowls, and mutton, (varied by fowls, mutton and beef), which form the standing dishes at the tables of easily digesting Philistines, I am petted by the administration of delicate and unexpected trifles in the way of cookery, delightful to eat and most easy of digestion. Also, my doctor pets me as much almost as my wife. When I call him in to prescribe for me he says, (knowing I am merely dyspeptic)—"We must be careful, because our liver is somewhat congested. Diet, my dear Sir, Diet, is our great remedy. Is there anything more than another that you fancy just now?" Of course I "fancy" some one thing more than another, and it is allowed ; "because," says my doctor, "what you long for is, in these cases, generally the best for you." Then he gives me some medicine, which, like Moliére, I dont take *et je guèris.*

Indigestion is considered universally a fair excuse for idleness, another great advantage worthy of being called a pleasure. For, say you are an artist : it is no use trying to paint when you are really almost colour-blind ; why everything takes a morbid yellow hue ! Liver, of course. Say you are in the cotton trade—well—what is the use of going on 'Change if you are suffering agonies from dyspepsia ? You would only insult your best customers and lose your firm thousands, so you go to your club and try to cure yourself by conversation and tobacco—a most pleasant remedy, certainly, and generally successful. Only if you be a doctor must you pursue your daily labours, indigestion or no indigestion; but your health will make little or no difference, for you will cure those that are already "sain," and kill those that ail, just as you would were you perfectly well.

As to the longevity of dyspeptics, I appeal to my text, and defy competition. John Johnson died at the age of 94, and for the last 70 years was a martyr to indigestion—*also he retained his faculties.* Counting over the list of my personal friends and acquaintances, I only know one of whom this can be said, and he is always ill ; he has no business, and he has no money ; but he lives well, he waxeth fat daily, and is happy. To treat the pleasures to be derived from indigestion exhaustively would require an article as long as any in the *Westminster Review* and though, doubtless, it would be more interesting than most that appear in that remarkably oppressive periodical, yet I fear the reader would soon tire. But still, if by calling attention to the pleasures, and pointing out a few of the errors (the result of ignorance), that exist with regard to dyspepsia, I am the cause of serious enquiry being instituted into this subject on the part of those personally interested, but hitherto unthinking, I shall be satisfied in the knowledge that I have done something in my time towards the superior education of my fellow creatures, and helped to destroy that pernicious aphorism, held by some even as a creed, viz., that "This world is Hell, and Indigestion is the Devil."

FAIRFIELD AND THE MORAVIANS.—"An inhabitant of Fairfield and a Moravian," states that some of the practices mentioned in our article last week, as, for example, the custom of marrying by lot and the midnight horn-blowing on the occasion of a death, have long since been discontinued ; and that the so-called Sisters' House and Brethren's House are not now devoted to the purposes for which they were originally established. The Sisters' House is used as a private lodging-house for single ladies of the Moravian community. "There is nothing of conventual life in the establishment, nor is anyone whatever educated there 'under the supervision of a lady superior.'"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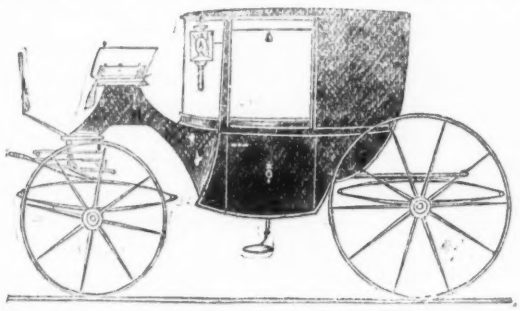

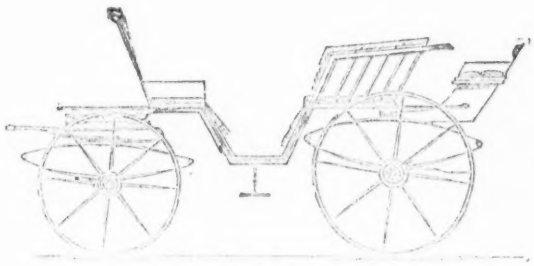

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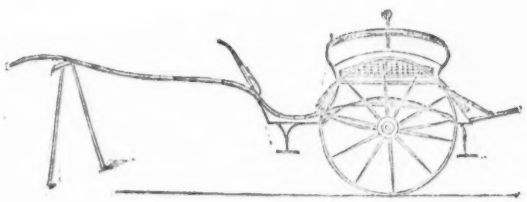

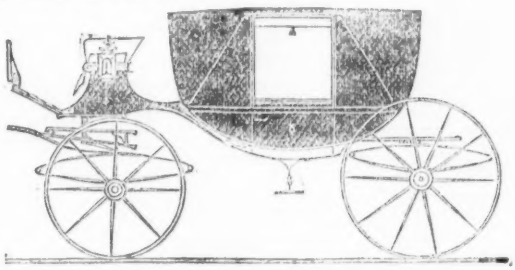

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